

a lot of men wearing dress suits awkwardly, a lot of women who are dressed handsomely in rich but modestly cut gowns and wishing that they dared wear them décolleté, a lot of perfunctory handshaking, some heartaches—and that's all there ever is to an "inaugural ball," anyhow. But the decision not to have an "inaugural ball" will cut some political ice, just the same. There's an awful lot of tommyrot sprung on the people. What?

The proposition to establish a state publicity bureau under the direction and supervision of the State Board of Agriculture has many points of merit, and some disadvantages. One disadvantage is that it places an important state bureau under the direction of a society that is no part of the state government. But, perhaps, anything that will secure for Nebraska the publicity it ought to have ought to receive support, no matter how or under whose direction it is maintained.

The American Economist, organ of the tariff barons, thought so much of Senator Lafe Young's maiden speech in the senate that it prints it in full in its current issue. Lafe Young represents the tariff sentiment of the west just like hell represents the Christian's idea of the reward of the righteous.

There is just one way—and only one way—to bring about universal and lasting peace. It is to compel the men who bring on the wars to do the fighting and the suffering.

Eighteen men carrying union cards will be members of the next congress. None of them is from Nebraska. There will be no "card men" in the Nebraska legislature. This is due to the fact that union men thought more of party or of "personal liberty" than they did of their unionism.

If the legislature of 1911 can only settle this vexed liquor problem how fortunate we will be. The trouble is that so many people do not want it settled; they manage to secure a very comfortable livelihood by fighting on one side or the other of it, and to settle it would compel them to get out and hustle for a living. The brewers are "easy marks" on the one side, and the opponents of the saloon are numerous enough to make their small contributions to the cause amount to an aggregate that keeps several gentlemen in fine raiment and good things to eat. Every time occasion offers to get down to real business and make things hum, up bobs this liquor question to snarl things up. Those who oppose the saloon are denounced as "fanatics" and "fools," and those who advocate license and strict regulation are denounced as "tools of the devil," "saloon bums" and "paid emissaries of Satan." The result is that there is always a fight on hand over this matter that prevents settling down to accomplish something. This newspaper would like to see all license wiped out, and liquor handled as any other article of merchandise. It doesn't care a rap about county option. It opposes the licensed saloon, and it knows that prohibition is a farce. The man who can frame up and submit a solution of the vexed problem that will suit all of us will be a "bigger man than ol' Grant" ever was.

By the way, have you read the current number of the American Magazine? It contains a mighty readable story relating the experiences of a traveling man in securing liquor in "dry" territory. It also advances some reasons why men who are most active in the sale of liquor are also most active in maintaining the "dry" status. No matter what your individual opinions may be, the article will interest you.

It appears that James C. Dahlman, after having failed to deliver the state-wide goods to the interests that backed his gubernatorial candidacy, is to be thrown aside by the same interests in Omaha. Mayor Jim has made good with the "interests" in Omaha for several years, and those interests will be guilty of base ingratitude if they throw him over now because he happened to fall down when he took in too much territory.

Congressman Latta, through the chairman of his campaign committee, Dan V. Stevens, announces that he will not be a candidate for governor in 1912. All of which reminds us that the democratic party might easily go further and fare worse by passing up that same committee chairman in its search for a gubernatorial candidate. In addition to being a political leader and organizer, Dan Stevens is a man who is doing a man's work in the building up of Nebraska.

This week Frank M. Tyrrell, for four years county attorney, retires to private life, leaving behind him an official record of which he may well be proud, and with which the taxpayers of Lancaster county may well be satisfied. Not only has Mr. Tyrrell conducted the affairs of his office with less expense than usual, but he has showed results that are of interest and profit to the taxpayer. The county has been saved judgments in numerous damage suits, has saved money on many contracts, notably for bridge construction, and Mr. Tyrrell has made his name a terror to lawbreakers. There

has been less of well founded criticism than usual of the conduct of the office, and more to praise. Mr. Tyrrell leaves behind him an enviable record.

Col. C. J. Bills is usually to the front when some one is needed to boost for a good enterprise. Just now Col. Bills is interesting himself in the Lincoln hospital movement, which means that the hospital movement will be a success. A short time ago it was necessary to lift the Y. M. C. A. building project over a hurdle, and Col. Bills supplied the lift. Before that it was base ball that needed a boost to save the national game in Lincoln, and Col. Bills came across instanter. There is only one thing that Col. Bills is hesitating about—on all else he makes up his mind quickly. But just now he doesn't know whether he would rather whiz along in a buzz buggy or hold the reins over the handsomest team of carriage horses in the west. At times it looks as if the buzz buggy has the call, but the next day that beautiful carriage team seems to be the apple of the Bills' optic. It would be a sporting proposition if it were not for the fact that Col. Bills would have to decide, and it may take him a long time to make up his mind which he loves best.

Ever notice how familiar a name may be to you, and how unfamiliar the owner of that name may be? Now everybody in Lincoln knows Fred Schmidt, but how many people who know the name would recognize the owner on the street? Not one in a hundred. This is because Mr. Schmidt isn't on the street much. If between the hours of 8 a. m. and 7 p. m. the chances are a thousand to one that he will be found at his desk in the rapidly growing mercantile establishment of Fred Schmidt & Bro. It is this sort of close application to business that has been responsible for the growth of the Fred Schmidt & Bro. establishment into one of the big retail stores of this section. Always affable, always smiling, always courteous, always attending to business, Fred Schmidt and his no less industrious brother are building up a remarkable business. You will not often notice the firm name in connection with public enterprises because the firm doesn't go much on the self-blown trumpet business, but just the same, when people are figuring on the men who will surely get behind any movement for the good of the whole community, the firm name of Fred Schmidt & Bro. is usually mentioned among the first.

"Of course I can't tell exactly," remarked President Sharp of the Traction Co., "but I am sure that the men who holler loudest because the street cars are off time during a sudden storm like that of last Sunday and Monday, are usually the fellows who are out of coal every time a blizzard comes, and have to make piteous appeal to the coal dealer to rush them a thousand pounds or so. The men who know most about running a street railway company are the men who do not know the difference between an ampere and a rail joint. We had our troubles, to be sure, last Sunday, but I venture the assertion that the Lincoln Traction Co. gave as good service under the conditions as any street railway company in the country."

"Take it from me," said Col. John G. Maher New Year's day, "that Jim Dahlman will be re-nominated for mayor of Omaha and re-elected by a big majority. I've a few paltry dollars to risk on that proposition. No, sir; I didn't wager a penny that Jim would be elected governor. Of course I talked quite a bit about his being a sure winner, but it was just conversation. I knew within ten days after he was nominated that he didn't have a chance. But for mayor—well, I've a few idle dollars in the bank that are not working."

You can buy cement block for your foundation, made in Lincoln. You can buy sash, doors, etc., for the house, made in Lincoln. You can buy the paint for that house, made in Lincoln. You can heat it with a furnace, made in Lincoln. You can install electric that house erected by skilled mechanics who live in Lincoln, paying taxes to support public institutions and add to the wealth of the municipality. And if you are not availing yourself of all these opportunities you are not as loyal a citizen as you should be.

"Speaking of aviation," remarked Dr. Farnham, "about half the men I meet seem to be up in the air."

"Last year was the best we ever experienced," remarked Col. A. H. Armstrong on New Year's day. "But unless I fail to read the signs aright 1911 will be the banner year of them all. You'll notice that we are starting it off with a rush." So saying Col. Armstrong disappeared inside his private official boudoir to cook up a few new ones.

A lot of eastern democrats are cock sure that the next president will be either Dix, Wilson or Harmon. But that's what the same lot of eastern democrats thought about Parker seven years ago.

The University of Nebraska debaters didn't draw half as big crowds as the University of Nebraska football players, but somehow or other we opine that the debaters reflect the most real glory upon old Uni.